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## The Summer Shower.

BY T. BUCHANAN READ.

Before the stout harvesters fallett the grain,  
As when the strong storm-wind is reaping the plain  
And loiters the boy in the briery lane;  
But yonder aslant comes the silvery rain,  
Like a long line of spears, brightly burnished and tall.

Adown the white highway, like cavalry fleet,  
It dashes the dust with its numberless feet.  
Like a murmurless school, in their leafy retreat,  
The wild birds sit listening the drops round them  
beat;  
And the boy crouches close to the blackberry wall.

The swallows alone take the storm on its wing,  
And, taunting the tree sheltered laborers, sing,  
Like pebbles the rain breaks the face of the spring,  
While a bubble darts up from each widening ring;  
And the boy, in dismay, hears the loud shower fall.

But soon are the harvesters tossing the sheaves;  
The robin darts out from his bower of leaves;  
The wren peereth forth from the moss-covered eaves  
And the rain-spatter'd urchin now gladly perceives  
That the beautiful bow bendeth over them all.

## A Musical Sketch of the Days of '76.

Poptown, July 4, 1860.

[To JOHN S. DWIGHT, ESQ.,—

Dear Sir,—On this sacred day—the anniversary of the birthday of our glorious and blessed nation—I am moved to send you a sketch appropriate to the occasion, which for reasons hereafter given has lain for some time in my desk, and which requires a word or two of introduction or preface.

One of the principal ornaments of the literary society of this place, where it has pleased Providence to cast my lines, as a dispenser of the Word and a fisher of men, is a young lady, first assistant in our high school—of great talents and virtues, and of the Methodist persuasion. Of the writers for the *Evening Budget*, which is read at the meeting of the "Social Lyceum," none is more sure to meet with profound attention, elicit hearty applause and be afterwards the subject of sincere commendation than she. Her name is Elizabeth Polky—but we all know her as Miss Lizzy Polky—indeed her pieces are signed "Lizzy." Formerly most of her communications were poetical, but during the past winter, she has neglected the poetic muse, giving us however an ample compensation in a series of tales and sketches founded upon incidents in the history of our glorious Republic.

True, in these she sometimes departs from the literal truth of history, but as you well observe in a recent number of your valuable journal, "it is understood that they are fancy pieces, and hence no one will look to them for biographical (historical) authority." Equally well do you say, "nor is literal truth of history always essential to that more inward moral truth, the truth of mind and character, which may be conveyed through an imaginary picture or tissue of incidents and conversations," wherein you have expressed my own opinion exactly.

I have for some time been desirous of aiding Miss Polky to find a publisher for a volume of these tales and sketches, but have been discouraged from taking any active steps by the ineffable stupidity of the publishers, as shown in their want of appreciation of the volume of sacred poetry, concerning which I wrote under date of Feb. 28, 1859. Can you credit the fact that not an application has been made to me for our manuscript hymns arranged from the great poets! Consequently the church is deprived of their

use, and deacon Malachi has sold his sorrel colt to a racing sinner on Long Island. (It is a gratifying circumstance to me that the nag has approved my judgment in horseflesh, by taking the cup at the last meeting on the Long Island course.)

However, my regard for Miss Polky and my earnest desire that her talents should be known to and appreciated by an enlightened public, induces me to swallow my own disappointment, and send you as a proof or sample of what she can do, a sketch read by her with unbounded applause in the *Evening Budget*, of Feb. 27th, for insertion in your paper. For my own part I consider it equal to any of those with which you have lately favored us, translated from the German, besides having the advantage of being national in subject, patriotic in spirit, and American in sentiment. In which Mr. Esel fully concurs.

In the hope, sir, that you will not refuse this sketch a place in your columns,

I remain with all respect your servant,

HABAKUK LOT,

Pastor at Poptown.]

## SCENE I.

In the uncommonly fine month of June, 1776, between five and six in the afternoon, a man might have been seen walking up and down the broad and beautiful lawn in front of a handsome but modest house, with a long and deep verandah. This lonely promenader walked on slowly, proudly and securely—at all events no danger was apparent—occasionally raising his eyes to drink in the glorious view of the broad and placid bosom of the Potomac, which lay before him, but mostly with his glance turned earthwards, and his hands crossed behind him. A wig, with a broad military cocked hat, partly concealed his thoughtful forehead. No one could have passed him by unmarked; the stamp of the extraordinary was visibly imprinted on his brow; the power of genius drew a glory around his bended head, his wig and his cocked hat. At times the proud look gave way to one of anxiety; but the strong, firm, steady martial tread belied the expression of his features—that is at these exceptional moments. At the upper end of his promenade, where, as he paced back and forth, he drew near the house, the little negroes would stop their fun and frolic, the old ones respectfully take off their remnants of hats, until the back of the master was again turned.

At this precise moment, the hearts of all America felt a most intense interest in this venerated apparition—which had become a solidity of bone and muscle, that might seem to render this term somewhat inappropriate. The Continental Congress, under the head of John Adams, who according to his rival Jefferson, was the Atlas of the Revolution, and to the great disappointment of Hancock, had a few days before elected this man to the awfully responsible station of commander in chief of the armies raised and to be raised for the great struggle with the mother country. And now Washington had come home once more to his beloved Mt. Vernon, to arrange his private affairs, before departing to Cambridge and Bos-

ton in Massachusetts, upon a mission, which was to detain him, he knew not how long—perhaps forever! This might be his last view of his glorious Potomac. Never more might he behold the sun sending his pointed rays from the heights of the Blue ridge ascend over hill and valley, forest and meadow and the river's bright bosom. He had "passed the ruby corn," as the village gamblers express it, when trusting their all to the chances of the red and white kernels of maize, and it was darkly hidden in the womb of the future, whether he was to be hung in chains and go down in history as the rebel, or was to return triumphant, and after ages place under his portrait the legend "Peter Patrie."

And now all his domestic arrangements were made. "On the morrow," said he to himself when

"envious streaks  
Do lace the severing clouds in yonder East,  
Night's candles are burnt out and jocund day  
Stands tip-toe on the misty mountain tops,  
I must be gone."

What emotions swelled that manly breast, who can tell!

It was now near sunset, and as he again drew near the house he called his favorite servant Tom. "Tom," said he arousing himself with an effort from the thoughts which had oppressed him, and drawing himself up to his full, majestic height; "Tom, we must be early away to-morrow morning. Call the people from the fields. I would fain see them once more together, speak a few parting words, and give them my patriarchal blessing." In half an hour all were assembled upon the lawn, neatly dressed and faces shining with soap and water,—all, from the aged man, who now lived upon his master's bounty, whose only labor was the amusement of cultivating his own little garden, down to the boy who lay in the sun and played with his comrades the live long day; from old Joyce Heth resplendent in a bright bandanna turban—she who had nursed the master in infancy and now lived the imperious and haughty old mammy of the estate, down to the little black girl, who played baby with a corn-cob, on which some benevolent nigger had marked a face like his own with charcoal.

All were there.

I shall not undertake to describe the interview between Master and people; there are scenes in which the tender sentiments conquer the sterner qualities of the man; when the hero becomes a child again. Such scenes are sacred!

Tears flowed in the verandah where Madame Washington and the Custis children, with a few friends from neighboring plantations were assembled. Tears flowed on the lawn, where the people stood and heard the words of their beloved Master. Those words were few, but they came from the heart and went to the heart.

"And now," said he at last, "enjoy yourselves this last evening, and let me during these remaining hours be surrounded by none but happy faces." There was a joyous shout at these words, Harry the musician produced his fiddle, and with

that changeableness of temperament so characteristic of the negro, of children, indeed of all, who live without ease and anxiety for the morrow. In a moment every tear was dry, shouts of laughter arose on the soft evening air, and the light fantastic toe was tripping it in the mazes of the merry dance.

[I think this is a very happy passage.—H. L. O.]

But the joy rose still higher, when the Master snatching the instrument from Harry's hands, played as no other on the plantation could, one of the contra dances then *en vogue*; and reached its acme, when returning the fiddle to Harry, he seized the hand of his wife, and they too with friends and children stepped upon the lawn, and trod a measure to the sound of the music. But among these dances was more of sadness than hilarity. They felt it to be for the last time!

## SCENE II.

The scene changes to Cambridge, in autumn, where, at the same hour of the afternoon, the tall form which we saw pacing the lawn at Mt. Vernon, may be seen walking up and down that part of the Mt. Auburn road included between the Craigie and the Lowell places. He comes neither earlier nor later; always at the same hour, after dinner; neither heat nor rain causes him to accelerate his pace.

On the particular afternoon to which we now refer, he might have been seen often looking at his watch and timing his steps so as to be at the Craigie house, his head-quarters, at a particular moment. As he now drew near the gate, he looked keenly down the road towards the Colleges, with the expression of one who is expecting a visitor. Seeing no one he drew his watch again from the deep fob in his knee breeches, and glancing at it remarked "still two minutes to the time."

[A characteristic touch this, for Washington was remarkable for punctuality.—H. L.]

Even as he spoke a lame man came in sight turning the angle in the road a few rods below the Vassal place. He too had drawn his poor, old pinchbeck watch from the fob, and seeing that he had a minute or two to spare, relaxed his pace, but looking up and seeing the "venerated apparition" of the commander in chief, he hastened forward. As he approached, the General noted that, though a man in the prime of life, fate and fortune seemed to have used him hardly. Besides his lameness, one arm was nearly useless and one eye was forever darkened. His iron-buckled shoes were shabby; his stockings much darned; his knee breeches had cheap buckles, not mates, and were clearly the worse for long hard usage; the coat had become one of many colors; the wig had lost its curl, and the cocked hat upon it, (to quote the antique and horrible conceit of the great Jo,) was rather a specimen of hard-wear than of dry goods. And now he stood before the commander in chief with his hat in his hand, veneration and awe marking the expression of his one eye.

[Marking the expression—"a finely turned phrase"—H. L.]

"You are the man I expect at this hour?"

"Yes, your excellency."

"And your name is——?"

"William Billings, at your Excellency's service."

"Come in with me Mr. Billings, you are the man."

The tall form of the Generalissimo, accompanied by the halting steps of Billings, might now have been seen—perhaps was indeed—moving up the gravel walk shaded by those elms, then young, which a few years ago in their age became food for worms—as we also must in turn—entering the broad portal of the house, where Tom relieved his revered Master of his hat, cane and sword, up the broad stairs where the old clock stood ticking

"Never, forever—  
Forever, never,"

and so into the private room of the commander. Giving Tom orders to allow no intrusion upon him, upon any less occasion than an attack by the redcoats upon the American lines, he motioned the composer—for every reader must have recognized in this Billings, the great American contemporary of Mozart, Haydn, Gluck and Beethoven—who stood trembling with the excitement of a private interview with the godlike hero—to take a chair, who, not more by his position, than by the dignity and nobleness of his union, impressed every one with a sense of

"such divinity (as) doth hedge a king"—  
to be seated.

[How eloquent is this!—H. L.]

After a moment of pause the General began.

"I learn Mr. Billings that the army is indebted to you for both the words and the fiery music of that favorite canticle,

"Let tyrant's shake their iron rod  
And slavery clank her galling chains"—

"Me," interrupted Billings,—

"We fear them not, we trust in God!  
New England's God forever reigns!"

Yes, your Excellency, that is mine, both words and music and so is the new anthem. "By the rivers of Watertown, there we sat down, we wept when we remembered, thee oh, Boston!"

The grave features of the commander in chief relaxed into a smile at the composer's enthusiasm, and he continued:—

"It is recorded in history, Mr. Billings, that a great man once observed, 'another might make the laws of a people, if to him was left the composition of their songs and ballads.' In our day the laws have a greater relative importance, but the song has not lost its power. Your own patriotic hymns and anthems are doing a great work in keeping alive the right spirit."

Billings's eye gleamed and his face flushed with pleasure at this encomium from the great Virginian.

"I observed," continued the General, "during the campaigns of Frederick of Prussia, where I studied the art of war in my younger days—this sword was presented to me by him after the battle of Kunersdorf—how important an effect was produced upon the common soldiers, in raising their courage almost to enthusiasm, when the bands struck up their national Dessauer March, and the charge was sounded. We need something of the kind. For my own part, I think the best thing for our purpose would be a tune of a lively character and striking rhythm, which would serve both as a song for the men to sing and as a march for our fifes and drums—something like the "Malbrook" of the French. Now, speaking in confidence, uttering which words, he gave Billings a look that showed how dangerous it would be to trifle with this confidence, "I know the charms of music, and many a lonely

hour have I beguiled with the wild strains of my violin."

"Oh, God bless your excellency," cried Billings, "if our New England folks could only know that, they would love you as they now respect and venerate you!"

[Another touch of true nature! For may we not read Shakspeare thus and say,

"One touch of music, makes the whole world kin"—H. L.]

"No," said the great man with a half-suppressed sigh, "this must not be. In foreign lands none too high to love and study art. How often did King Frederick, spend an hour or two at head-quarters, after the day's march, with his Capellmeister in playing the flute. And how this raised him in the affections of men! But in our land it is different, and were it known that I am in my small way a musician, no one would believe that I am capable of aught else."

"Too true," said Billings sadly, "they call me a vagabond because I devote my life to art!"

"Mr. Billings," and a half indignant, half contemptuous look accompanied the General's words, "do you know the verses made by one of the British generals about us?"

"Yes indeed," replied Billings, indignation burning in his eye and cheeks, "and there is not a man in the army, who would not be glad to thrust them down the throat of the man, who made them at the point of his ramrod, especially one verse."

"And that is?"

"That about your Excellency,

'And there was Cap'n Washington  
With gentlefolks about him,  
They say he's grown so 'tarnal proud  
He will not ride without 'em.'"

"Ah the people are angry at this, are they?"

"Yes, your Excellency; it has been the common talk all through camp. True, I can't be any thing with my poor, battered body but a baggage wagon driver, but my music enables me to know everybody even if we whigs were not all one as good as another. And I can tell your Excellency, the men, if you would only lead them into Boston at the point of the bayonet, would show them that when 'Yankee Doodle' comes to town, John Bull will have to evacuate to 'Chevy Chase.'"

"Perhaps a time may come," said the General, smiling at this display of zeal, "meantime we can be preparing for such an event, and one preparation, Mr. Billings, is a tune to those words!"

"A tune to those words," cried Billings aghast—a tune to those words!"

"Certainly. They are written to burlesque and ridicule us. Many a man is impossible to all else, but the fear of ridicule, or the desire of revenge upon one who has made him a laughing-stock will carry him to the cannon's mouth. It is human nature, Mr. Billings.

"So it is," replied Billings, with that illumination of face, which shows the instant comprehension of a new and valuable idea, "you are a great man. I see, give the men a tune to which they can sing those words and they would march against all the redcoats in creation, if only to sing Yankee Doodle in their faces. By the hoky!" added he in his enthusiasm, forgetting in whose presence he was, and springing from his chair, "if we could beat the British twice on Breed's hill with nothing but duty before us, what couldn't



we do, if we at the same time were scoring the Yankee Doodle account on their hides."

And here, as well as his lame leg would allow, Billings marched across the chamber, his eye blazing like that of a hero. But catching a sight of the smile on the face of the General, he was recalled to himself, and blushing with confusion he again seated himself, quite out of countenance, at the lengths to which his zeal had carried him.

"Never mind, Mr. Billings, your zeal is as honorable to you as was that of Corporal Trim to him."

"And who was he, your Excellency?"

"A celebrated English soldier, though only a corporal. But to our business."

"What sort of a tune would your Excellency like?"

"I think," said the General, humming a lively strain, "that something of this kind would be appropriate."

Billings' quick ear caught it instantly, and begging to be excused a moment, he drew a piece of coarse music paper from his pocket and went to the window, where he stood a few minutes, looking out over plain and river to the range of hills then covered with forests, from Corey's in Brookline round to what is now Mt. Auburn, and all now lighted up by the slant rays of the setting sun.

And now he began to write. A moment more and that wondrous inspiration, which was, before a century had passed away, to be known throughout Europe as the then national air of the then not existing United States of America, was noted down in the enlivening key of *si be mol*. Returning to his seat he sang a stanza or two in a full manly voice, of the well known

"Father and I went down to camp"

the Father of his country beating time and humming a passage occasionally.

"That is excellent, Mr. Billings," said the general, "you have caught my idea perfectly. I am greatly pleased with it, and only wish it was in my power to reward you adequately."

"Reward!" exclaimed Billings, half indignantly, "Yankee as I am I should spurn any other reward on such an occasion then the approbation of Your Excellency, and of my own conscience. Is it not my slight offering for the cause for which you offer and risk everything? No, God forbid!"

[I had the honor of suggesting this stroke to Miss Polky, for I thought none had done justice to the sweet singer of the days of seventy-six.—H. L.]

"And now, Mr. Billings, one thing more. Suppose a time should come, when we should meet the enemy in the field and victory should perch herself upon the pine trees of your New England banners, would not the first impulse of every true American heart be to give the glory to the higher power which guides and directs the affairs of men?"

"Yes, after your Excellency," said Billings.

"Mr. Billings," said the General, with some sternness, "I can allow no such remarks, I am but an instrument."

"True, though, any way," muttered Billings.

"Now, picture to yourself" continued the other, not noticing the interruption, "that moment. The enemy fly—the field is ours—and after the pursuit the army is drawn up into close

array, and the voices of the chaplains are heard giving thanks to the Most High. In foreign lands grand Te Deums are sung in honor of victories. We want a Te Deum, but one which is simple, yet noble and majestic, which all who can sing at all can execute, which shall be a universal popular melody, and go down to future generations wedded to the words of our long metre doxologies, such as,

"From all that dwell below the skies"

or

"Be thou, O God, exalted high."

I desire you to give wing to your imagination; fancy yourself on the victorious field, and under such inspiration compose such a tune. Should you succeed to my satisfaction, of which I have no doubt, that shall be our Te Deum. Be in no hurry. Let the tune come from the heart and it will reach the heart."

After some minutes of silence Billings said, "But how to make these tunes known through all the army is the question."

"I have thought of that," replied the General, "You must select a few men from all the various regiments, who have good ears and voices, say to the number of a hundred, and having taught them, they in turn must be the teachers of others. Those whom you select shall be free from all other duty whenever you require their presence."

#### SCENE III.

Day is just beginning to break, but a thick fog buries city, village, plain, river and harbor in impenetrable darkness. Silently the American troops are concentrating in large bodies, at the extremities of Boston and Charlestown Necks, of the Milldam and the Cambridges. [This is a rather strong anachronism, I must allow, since the bridges were not built until some years later. But as they are necessary to the finale, and Miss Polky is not writing history, I think we may let them stand.—H. L.] Putnam and Prescott, Ward and Heath, Dearborn and Hull, all are passing along the columns under their charge, encouraging their men and telling them to put their trust in Providence, and especially in their bayonets and in Washington. They remind them of Breed's hill; of Lexington and Concord; of the sufferings of the poor people of Boston; of the glorious hopes of the future if they now are strong and of good courage; of the Declaration of Independence, and the pledges given to support that document. The emulation of each division is excited to outdo the others. Not a man in the army, who cannot picture to himself the broad pastures and fields, which at that time crossed the western slopes of the hills at the foot of which, on the other side, the town of Boston was built, and who does not see with his mind's eye, the fortified top of Beacon Hill, and the British Cross and Lion floating in the breeze above it. To this point, every column must urge its way, and the glory will be to that division which shall cause that proud flag to stoop. In all silence the attacking columns are to advance, and not until the command is given are the fife and drums to strike up their music; and an order has been given that at this command, the new tune to the British doggerel, now familiar to every man in the army, shall be the only one played.

And now all is ready. A rocket is seen on a distant hill in Roxbury, and a moment afterward the boom of cannon is heard from Dorchester heights, and a heavy ball crashes into the decks

of a British vessel of war in the harbor. This is the signal for the onset. In Boston all is in consternation. Before the redcoats can form in battle array, the American troops are pouring out of boats, which have been silently borne by the tide across the river, under cover of the fog, are rushing across the bridges, and carrying the forts and batteries of their enemies. There was no resisting the impetuous onset. A hundred fife with their shrill voices were heard in all directions in the thickness of the darkness, playing the exciting melody of "Yankee Doodle," and keeping step to its inspiring strains, the sturdy farmers and mechanics of the American army rushed upon their foes like the veterans of the Prussian king.

Consternation seized the redcoats. They remembered Breed's hill, and fled for refuge to the town, in whose narrow streets they were brought by their officers to a stand. The crown of Beacon hill had carried and when the sun had dissipated the mists and the landbreeze had cleared away the smoke of the fight, Washington was already there, calmly surveying the scene. The British general had stationed himself upon the top of Fort Hill, and was examining the condition of affairs with a critical and gloomy eye. The cannon still boomed upon the heights of Dorchester and the position of the English fleet was evidently untenable. Howe and Burgoyne were in deep consultation. The two armies had rested from their fearful occupation and stood face to face, the Americans having the advantage of being above and looking down upon their enemies, the latter that of being defended by the buildings and streets of the town. To dislodge the enemy the American commander saw would involve the destruction of the town. To fight with the Americans the British generals saw would involve the destruction or the departure of their fleet, so securely had the New England men intrenched themselves upon the heights of Dorchester, whence every shot told upon the ships in the inner harbor.

"Burgoyne," said Howe, "this is a bad business! Your Yankee Doodles and Cap'n Washington have most decidedly come to town!"

"Yes, Howe, and in a way I never dreamed of; the rascals have made a tune to those words, and march to it like so many demons. It is what I call a decisive demon-stration."

"How can you be jesting and punning at such a moment," said Howe, sternly.

"I should rejoice with an exceeding great joy, if I knew what else under Heaven there is for me to do just at this moment," said Burgoyne, bitterly.

Howe wrote a few words and calling his aid de camp sent him with all the speed his horse could make, with the white flag in his hand, across the hollow to the height of Beacon, where Washington was deep in consultation with his chiefs as to the best steps now to be taken. The British army was in his power, but only as it seemed at the sacrifice of the town. On the other hand, how his raw and undisciplined troops, who, under cover of the fog and darkness, had surprised and driven the enemy into the streets of the town, would behave in such a conflict as would follow an attack upon the British troops in the light of the bright sun; this was a question of deep import and difficulty.

Howe's messenger now approached and presented a note addressed to "G. Washington, Esq."

The General instantly returned it. "Go tell your masters," said he, "this is no moment to insult a victorious general. I will permit one half hour of truce. If in that half hour a shot be fired, a dwelling be set on fire, we be to you."

The messenger, who had approached with a cavalier air, turned pale at the voice and manner in which he American spoke. He was awed before this Republican as an Englishman usually is only in the presence of a member of his royal family. Before the half hour had passed he came with quite another air and with due respect delivered the note now addressed to "His Excellency, General Washington, Commander-in-chief of the Forces of the United Colonies." The note contained an offer on the part of the British Generals to evacuate the town, immediately, without damage to person or property, providing they were allowed to do so unmolested and take all stores and munitions of war save those won by the American army in course of the morning; but declaring their determination in case these terms were not allowed to sell their lives as dearly as possible amid the ruins of Boston.

The offer was of course satisfactory to the American chiefs. The signal was given to the forts on Dorchester heights to suspend all firing; while on the British side the embarkation began immediately.

The sun set on that day upon an extraordinary scene. Ten thousand American troops stood around the lone height on Boston Common, soon to bear the bronze statue of Washington on his noble charger, while from its top the venerable pastor of the Old South Church, so long used as riding school by the British cavalry (the church, not the Pastor) poured forth in chosen language, mostly from sacred writ, in prayer, their thanks for the victory of the day.

Then arose on the calm evening air from all that multitude in a mighty chorus

"From all that dwell below the skies"

to the grand strains composed since the interview at the Craige house, in that grand and majestic key of *la*,—those strains, which so long as our country lasts, will be known in memory of Billings and his century of singers as the psalm tune of the Old Hundred!

LIZZY POLKY; of Poptown.

### Madame Clara Novello.

(Continued from page 106.)

Madame Clara Novello made her theatrical debut at Padua, and chose the character of Semiramide for the occasion. Her success was complete, and this even increased as the experience she gained in her after engagements gave her greater familiarity with the special requirements of the stage. She appeared, in course of time, at Rome, Bologna, Fermo, Milan, and other places. Triumph walked in her footsteps, and the rich Italian language was almost exhausted in epithets of admiration, and taxed to the utmost of its sweetness to furnish poems in her praise. The Musical Antiquarian Society, established in London for the resuscitation of the works of early English composers, was at this time actively carrying on its operations, and, as a means to its end, collecting a library of works that might illustrate its purpose. It may or may not prove Mad. Novello's Italian popularity, to state, that her father contributed towards the accumulations of this institution a very extensive series of the laudatory verses addressed to his daughter, enjoining that, in case of the dissolution of the society, the entire collection should be transferred to the library of the British Museum, where the poems were accordingly deposited when the Mu-

sical Antiquarian was broken up, and where they will for all time be open to the examination of whomsoever may be interested in them.

The public performance in Paris of Rossini's *Stabat Mater*, some ten years or more after the production of his last opera, gave a new impetus to the universal esteem of this composer, and added a fresh laurel to his evergreen crown. The work was immediately transplanted to London, and reproduced in every musical city in Europe. It was first heard in Italy, at a performance in Bologna, where Rossini then resided, who was consulted upon every arrangement for the occasion. Donizetti was the conductor, than whom no one then living could more completely identify himself with the true spirit of the composer; and, by Rossini's expressed stipulation, Mad. Novello was preferred above all the singers in Italy to sustain the soprano solo; and the grand vocal effects of the famous "Inflammatus" were thus first made known to the countrymen of the composer through the medium of her beautiful voice. When the *Stabat* was given in Florence a year afterwards, the same lady again, by the composer's desire, was engaged to fill the same part in the performance.

In Italy all theatrical engagements are effected by means of correspondents,—agents whose entire occupation is to negotiate the arrangements between the impresario and the composers, the singers, the players, and every other functionary of the operatic establishment, which holds so important a place in public consideration and exacts so large a share of government attention, that it may almost be regarded as one of the chief political institutions of the country. Through some mistake of the correspondent—mistakes will happen, even in the transactions of the most trusted officials—Mad. Novello was engaged for the carnival season of 1842, at both Rome and Genoa, and the director of each theatre demanded the fulfilment of the *scrittura*. Universal as we may esteem the talent of the lady, the person of the prima donna was certainly not ubiquitous, and the possibility of her completing the two discrepant contracts was consequently non-existent. The Roman and Genoese manager had each the law in his favor—alas! that jurisprudence should be so imprudent as to see a parity of right on each side of a dispute—but the impresario of the Papal States had more than the law, in having possession, which constitutes the nine points that supercede all the others. In the autumn season of 1841, Mad. Novello was the prima donna at Fermo, a city, as is well known to all familiar with Romagnan topography, that is located within the papal territory, and consequently under the jurisdiction of the Roman authorities. She could not quit the place without a passport, which document he of the opera house at Rome had the power to prevent her obtaining, and he thus held the lady in such firm possession as would effectively hinder her from appearing at the other theatre, if it did not compel her to sing at his own. The minister of police at Fermo, Count Gigliucci, communicated to the contraltre the restraint imposed upon her by the Roman manager, whereof he, the count, was the unhappy instrument; and communicated, too, that he was under the sad necessity of placing the lady under arrest until she should have made arrangements satisfactory to the impresario, whose interests he protected. The courteous captor became in turn a captive, his captivation being effected by the personal charms of the fair prisoner whose person he held in durance, and he did not release her from her thralldom until she had vowed to bind herself to him for ever. Her hymeneal engagement, however, was not to interfere with the two theatrical concerts which then perplexed her, nor with subsequent professional duties to which she had already pledged herself; but it was to be discharged when she had freed herself, by fulfilment, from all the legal demands upon her talent at that time pending. The first of these was, of course, that which was the subject of the Romano-Genoese controversy, and was the immediate occasion, therefore, of her connection with her future husband. The said controversy was finally settled by arbitration, to the

following effect:—It is permitted to the flock of the pope to eat flesh and to hear operas for the entire period intervening between the Feast of the Nativity and the solemn term of Lent, and the carnival season of 1842 was thus to extend over twelve weeks, for six of which, dominion over the vocal and histrionic powers of the songstress was adjudicated to the manager of Rome, and for the other half moiety, the same advantage was ceded to him of Genoa.

One of the engagements that Mad. Novello had upon her hands was to Mr. Macready, who was then conducting Drury Lane theatre upon a principle of truly poetic purity, which has vainly been emulated by subsequent directors of dramatic taste in London. Mr. Serle, the actor and dramatist, and the husband of Mad. Novello's retired sister, was the chief confidant of all the arrangements of the great manager, and it was to his suggestion that the London public owed the opportunity Mr. Macready afforded them of witnessing the lady's talent in a capacity in which she had not yet appeared in her native country. Her debut on the stage in England was in the summer of 1842, and she chose Paccini's opera of *Saffo* for the display of her ability,—a work, however, which was far better fitted to exercise the refined classic taste of the director of the theatre in the arrangements of the *mise-en-scène*, than to place the artistic talent of the prima donna in an interesting light before the public. Her brother-in-law translated the libretto, and everything that could possibly be accomplished to give good effect to the performance was done; but nothing could render a weak opera of a weak composer an interesting work, and the error of judgment in choosing such a piece for her appearance was not a little injurious to our heroine's first impression on the London playgoers. In the repertory of Drury Lane theatre was Handel's *Acis and Galatea*, the production of which, with Mr. Stanfield's scenery and Mr. T. Cooke's instrumentation, was one of the most remarkable events of Mr. Macready's management—nay, of modern theatrical history. On the withdrawal of *Saffo*, Mad. Novello sang the chief character in this immortal work, and produced an effect in it which was impossible to her in the feeble music of the modern Italian composer.

She sang that year at our provincial music meetings; and then, without a formal farewell of the public, she retired from the field of her constantly fortunate efforts, and became the Countess Gigliucci. The historian may not pry into the incidents of her private life, and there occurs, therefore, a necessary hiatus in the current of our narrative, which cannot be resumed until the period when Mad. Novello returned to the exercise of her profession.—*London Musical World*.

(To be continued.)

### Italian Conservatories.

(From Hogarth's Musical History.)

It may be interesting to give some account of these Seminaries called *Conservatories*, which have been frequently mentioned as having given musical education to the great Italian composers who filled Europe with their fame. There were schools of this description at Venice, Naples, Bologna, and other cities. The most remarkable were those of Venice, for girls, and those of Naples, for boys.

The *Conservatorio of Santa Maria di Loreto*, at Naples, was the most famous of the whole, and formed many of the greatest ornaments of the Neapolitan schools. Children were admitted into these Conservatories from the age of eight to twenty, and received instructions in composition, singing, and playing on various instruments, according to the bent of their genius or disposition. If the children did not show sufficient talent to afford a promise of excellence, they were dismissed to make room for others. Each conservatory had two principal masters, one of whom taught composition and the other singing; and these masters were frequently the most eminent men of the age; Leo and Durante, for example, having been masters in the *Conservatorio of Santa*

This page contains eight systems of musical notation, each consisting of a piano (p) staff and a vocal staff. The key signature is B-flat major (two flats). The piano parts feature complex rhythmic patterns, including sixteenth and thirty-second notes, often with slurs. Dynamics include *pp* (pianissimo) and *cres.* (crescendo). The vocal parts consist of single notes, often with slurs, and some systems include a *f* (forte) dynamic. The notation is in a standard musical format with a treble clef for the piano and a soprano clef for the voice.



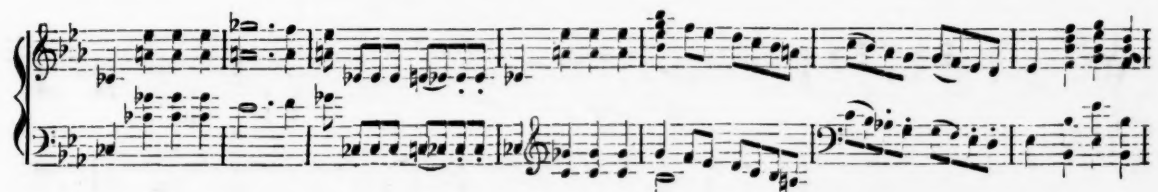
Leggiero.

*mf* *f* *p*

*f* *pp* *Vivace con fuoco.* *f*

*Andantino.*

The musical score is written for piano and violin. The piano part is in the left hand, and the violin part is in the right hand. The key signature is B-flat major (two flats). The tempo markings are *Leggiero.*, *Vivace con fuoco.*, and *Andantino.*. The dynamic markings include *mf*, *f*, *p*, *f*, and *pp*. The score is divided into several systems, each with a piano and violin part. The first system starts with *Leggiero.* and features a light, flowing melody in the violin. The second system introduces *mf* and *f* dynamics. The third system features a *p* dynamic. The fourth system starts with *f* and *pp* dynamics. The fifth system is marked *Vivace con fuoco.* and features a more energetic melody. The sixth system continues the *Vivace con fuoco.* section. The seventh system is marked *Andantino.* and features a slower, more melodic passage.



## DER FREYSCHÜTZ.

## INCANTATION SCENE.

(Scene.) A craggy glen, surrounded by high mountains, down the side of one of which falls a cascade. The full moon is shining dimly. In the fore-ground an old blasted tree, on the knotty branch of which an owl is sitting: CASPAR, with a pouch and hanger, is engaged in making a circle of black stones in the middle of which is placed a scull, an eagle's wing, a crucible, and a bullet-mould.

## FINALE.

## No. 10. CHORUS OF INVISIBLE SPIRITS.

*Sostenuto.*

The musical score is for a chorus of invisible spirits. It begins with a tempo marking of *Sostenuto.* and a key signature of two sharps (D major). The score is written for piano, with a grand staff for each system. The piano accompaniment features a steady, rhythmic pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes. The vocal line is written in a single staff, with notes and rests indicating the melody. Dynamic markings include *pp* (pianissimo) at the beginning, *ff* (fortissimo) in the middle, and *Ped.* (pedal) towards the end. The score concludes with a final cadence.



*Maria di Loretto.* There was also a master for each instrument. As the pupils were often very numerous, (the last named Seminary having generally contained two hundred) the method of instruction resembled a good deal that which is known by the name of the Lancasterian system. The master gave lessons to four or five of the most advanced scholars; each of these, again, gave lessons to as many more, and thus the lessons were propagated through the whole schools, and descended to the pupils of the lowest grade. These subordinate lessons were given under the general superintendence of the master who was thus enabled to see that they were given and received without negligence or impropriety. The pupils at stated times had public exercises, consisting of little oratorios, operas, and miscellaneous pieces of music, composed and executed by themselves. They also performed the musical service in the different churches; and the money gained in these various ways contributed to the revenues of the establishment. The pupils were dressed in uniform; and numbers of them not only studied, but practised in the same room. Dr. Burney, in his "*Musical Tour in Italy*," gives the following account of his visit, in 1779, to the Conservatorio of *Santo Onofrio*, at Naples, which presents a curious view of a mode of education, which, notwithstanding its unpromising aspect, formed a school of music possessing, in a supreme degree, those very qualities of elegance, delicacy, and refinement, which, at first sight, it might appear calculated to destroy. "This morning," says Burney, "I went to the Conservatorio of St. Onofrio, and visit all the rooms where the boys practise, sleep and eat. On the first flight of stairs was a trumpeter, screaming upon his instrument till he was ready to burst; on the second was a French horn, bellying in the same manner. In the common practising room there was a *Dutch Concert*, consisting of seven or eight harpsichords, more than as many violins, and several voices, all performing different things, and in different keys: other boys were writing in the same room; but, it being holiday time, many were absent who usually study and practise in this room. The jumbling them altogether in this manner may be convenient for the house, and may teach the boys to attend to their own parts with firmness, whatever else may be going forward at the same time. It may likewise give them force by obliging them to play loud, in order to hear themselves. But in the midst of such jargon and continued dissonance, it is wholly impossible to give any kind of polish or finish to their performance: hence the slovenly coarseness so remarkable in their public exhibitions, and the total want of taste, neatness, and expression in all these young musicians, till they have acquired these accomplishments elsewhere.

The beds, which are in the same room, serve for seats to the harpsichords and other instruments. Out of thirty or forty boys who were practising, I could discover but two playing the same piece; some of those who were practising on the violins, seemed to have a good deal of hand. The violincellos practise in another room, and the flutes, hautboys, and other wind instruments in a third, except the trumpets and horns, which are obliged to fag either on the stairs or on the top of the house. The only vacation in these schools, in the whole year, is in autumn, and that for a few days only. During the winter the boys rise two hours before it is light, from which time they continue their exercises, an hour and a half at dinner excepted, till eight o'clock at night; and this constant perseverance for a number of years, with genius and good teaching, must produce great musicians." There were three Conservatories for boys, at Naples. Those of Venice for girls, were four in number, and conducted upon a similar plan. They were maintained at the expense of the wealthy amateurs of the city. The girls, it is said, were strictly brought up, and generally remained in the school till their marriage. Strangers who visited these Conservatories, were struck with the singularity of young women, at their concerts, playing upon all kinds of instruments, even the

horn, the bassoon, and the double bass. Such was the state of these celebrated Italian schools, till the old state of things was put an end to by the power of Napoleon. During the decline of music which has since taken place in Italy, most of the Conservatories have disappeared, and those which still exist, have dwindled into comparative insignificance.

### Mozart—Child and Man.

(Continued from page 109.)

No. 108.

*Leopold Mozart to his wife.*

*Milan, September 21, 1771.*

To-day is to take place the first rehearsal, with orchestra, of M. Hasse's work, who is quite well, God be thanked. Next week will come the rehearsal of the serenade. Monday that of the recitatives; on the other days those of the choruses. Monday, Wolfgang will have quite finished. Manzuoli often comes to see us; Tibaldi almost every day at about eleven; he stays at table with us till one. Wolfgang composes during the whole time. All are extremely polite, and evince the greatest consideration for Wolfgang. We have not the slightest annoyance to complain of, for we have to do with good singers only and reasonable people. The serenade is, properly speaking, a little opera, and the opera itself is no longer, as regards the musical portion, for it is only prolonged by the two grand ballets, each of which lasts three-quarters of an hour.

Two days ago Italian comedy terminated its performances, because the theatre was wanted for the preparations to be commenced. These comedians are extremely good, especially in character pieces and in tragedy.

You tell me, in your previous letters, that many persons have gone mad in Salzburg. Now you inform me that many die of dysentery. This is very bad, for when people are seized by the head and by the — at the same time, the thing becomes dangerous. I must have carried away something myself from Salzburg, for I still frequently have vertigo. It is not astonishing, for when the air is infected one may easily catch something; that is why I asked you for some pills. I want to cure my head.

*P. S. from Wolfgang.*—As for me, God be thanked I am well. I cannot write to you at any length. First of all, I have nothing to say; next, my fingers ache with scribbling notes. I often whistle and call, but no one answers. Only two airs more and the serenade is finished. I have no longer any wish to return to Salzburg—I am afraid of going mad like the rest of them.

No. 109.

*The Same to the Same.*

*Milan, September 23, 1771.*

Our holidays and amusements have commenced. We are going out a-walking. To-day the first full rehearsal takes place. I can tell you beforehand for your solace, that I am in hopes Wolfgang's composition will have a great success. First of all because Manzuoli and all the singers, male and female, not only are in the highest degree satisfied with their pieces, but are still more anxious than we are to hear the serenade with all the accompaniments; next, because I know what he has written, and what effect it will produce, and because he is quite certain that he writes as well for the voice as he does for the orchestra. We are quite well! Tell me always about the weather.

No. 110.

*The Same to the Same.*

*Milan, October 19, 1771.*

The serenade so astonishingly pleased the people on the 17th, that it has to be played again to-day. The Archduke has asked for two copies (besides the two copies made for the Emperor and the Archduke which we are having bound). Every one accosts us in the streets to congratulate Wolfgang. In short, I am sorry for it, but Wolfgang's serenade threw Hasse's opera into the shade to a degree impossible to describe.

Give thanks to God and pray for us.

No. 111.

*The Same to the Same.*

*Milan, October 26, 1771.*

The public were witnesses yesterday at the theatre of the enthusiasm of the Archduke and Archduchess who not only caused, by their applause, two airs in the serenade to be repeated, but during the serenade, and at the end, both leant out of their box towards Wolfgang in the orchestra, and betokened their approbation by crying out, "Bravissimo maestro!" and clapping their hands, an example which all the nobil-

ity and all the people imitated by applauding with all their might. If you want any dresses, have made what is necessary; neither you or Nanette should be without what is proper. You must do whatever it is to done. Don't take anything bad. It is false economy to buy inferior goods. Have a fine gown made for yourself for grand occasions, and the one you had at Vienna you can wear every day. No woolen stuff—it is not worth a curse.

*P. S. from Wolfgang.*—My work being finished, I have more time to write, but I have no news to tell you, unless it be that the numbers 35, 59, 60, 61 and 62 came out at the lottery, and thus if we had staked upon those numbers we should have won, but not having staked we have neither won nor lost, but made fun of the people. The two airs in the serenade asked for again were those of Manzuoli and Girelli.

No. 112.

*The Same to the Same.*

*Milan, November 24, 1771.*

M. Hasse and Wolfgang as well have been richly recompensed for their compositions. Besides what they touched in money, M. Hasse has received a snuff box, and Wolfgang a watch set in diamonds. We shall see each other again soon if it be God's will. It is very certain that the serenade has pleased everybody to a singular degree. But that the Archbishop will bethink him of Wolfgang when there is an appointment vacant is a point on which I have my doubts.

*P. S. from Wolfgang.*—Manzuoli, who, however, passed in people's eyes for the most reasonable of *castrati*, has committed in his old age an act of folly and of pride. It was agreed he was to have 500 *gigliati* for the opera; but as there was no mention made of the serenade in the *scrittura*, he demanded another 500 for this, consequently altogether 1000. The Court only gave him 700 and a handsome snuff-box (I should think that was enough). But he like a true castrato returned the 700 *gigliati* and the snuff-box, and departed without taking anything. I do not know what is likely to be the end of this history; a bad one I imagine.

*Brixen, December 11, 1771.*

We shall not arrive before Monday. Count Spaur, who is here, will not hear of any other proposal.

No. 113.

*The Same to the Same.\**

*Bozen, October 28, 1772.*

We were not able to start from Innsbruck before seven o'clock, because there was no mass before the six o'clock one at St. John's. From Innsbruck we went out driving as far as Hall to see the Ladies' Institute there, which was shown to us in detail by the Countess Lodson. Wolfgang played on the organ in the church there. Bozen is a melancholy place. But the pleasant disorder which is of the essence of all journeys has put my health in order. If, therefore, travelling be necessary to keep me in health, I shall try and get a place as courier, or at any rate as conductor of a diligence. Wolfgang is well; he is just now writing a quator to while away the time.

*P. S. from Wolfgang.*—Here we are already at Bozen. Already? Only! I am hungry, I am thirsty, I am sleepy, I am lazy, but I am well. I hope you will keep your word.

No. 114.

*Wolfgang Mozart to his Mother.*

*Milan, November 7, 1772.*

Don't be alarmed at seeing my writing instead of the father's. He has not time to write, because we are at M. d'Ost's, and Baron Cristiani has come here, and these gentlemen have so much to gossip about that he cannot leave them. We arrived here on the 4th without mishap. There is not a word of truth in the rumor of a war in Italy, of which there is so much talk in Germany, any more than there is in that of the fortifications of the castle of Milan.

We embrace mother 1,000,000 times (I cannot get in any more o's here, and I prefer embracing my sister in person to doing so in fancy).

*P. S. from Mozart.*—We spent Wolfgang's fête day merrily at Ala, at the brothers Picelli; we stopt also at Verona, and this is why we go to Milan so late, where we have already seen the opera buffa.

No. 115.

*The elder Mozart to his Wife.*

*Milan, November 14, 1772.*

After living tranquilly for several weeks at Milan

\* Mozart arrived at Salzburg at the end of December, 1771, and the following year composed another serenade, *Il Sogno di Scipione*, by Metastasio, to celebrate the election of the new Archbishop of Salzburg, Jerome, of the princely house of Colloredo and Nels, elected March 14, 1772. In October, 1772, father and son set out for Milan, where Mozart wrote the opera seria, *Lucio Silla*.

I am beginning to feel some symptoms of indisposition. I allow myself to get thinking of Salzburg, and without being conscious of it take a pleasure therein; when I come back to myself, I shake myself up, or endeavor to shake myself up and cast aside these reminiscences as I used to cast aside the evil thoughts with which the devil inspired me in my youth. There is no one here of our company but la Signora Saarti who plays the parts of the secondo uomo. Meanwhile Wolfgang has had enough to do, having had to write the choruses to the number of three, and to rewrite in part the recitatives which he had composed at Salzburg; for the poet had shown his manuscript to Metastasio, at Vienna, and he modified it, improved it, and added an entire scene to the second act. Lastly, Wolfgang has composed all the recitatives which were wanting in the Overture.

There is at Brescia a certain Count Lecchi, a capital violinist, and a great connoisseur and amateur of music, at whose house we promised to alight immediately on our return.

(To be continued.)

**PHILADELPHIA.**—*The Japanese Visit the Opera.*—At half past two o'clock in the afternoon, about twenty-five of the members of the Embassy, consisting of the officials and servants, visited the Academy of Music, to attend the *matinee*. The Embassadors were not present. Long before the hour for opening the doors of the Academy, a crowd gathered in front of the building, and in a few minutes after admission was gained, the parquet, first circle, and balcony, were filled with a well-dressed audience, a large portion being ladies. In the balcony, the centre rows of seats were reserved for the Japanese, and when they entered they had no difficulty in being accommodated, and were not compelled to bear the pressure of a crowd. A few were placed in one of the stage boxes but these did not stay after the first piece. Tommy was along, dressed in his best, but looking very downhearted, the result, it is whispered, of a strong attachment for a young lady in Washington. The three physicians of the Embassy were also present, and were conspicuous from the closely shaven head. Most of those present exhibited, with evident satisfaction, gloves purchased since their arrival in the country, and in approved fashionable style, they watched the ladies through opera glasses. The strangers glanced carelessly around the house, but did not seem astonished either at the magnificence of the building or the crowd of persons assembled to greet them. They have evidently schooled themselves to conceal their thoughts, and nothing can be gained by watching their countenances.

Soon after the entrance of the Japanese, the orchestra, numbering over 45 performers, opened with the grand overture to William Tell. To this the Japanese paid but little attention, but when the curtain rose on the second act of *Lucretia Borgia*, with Mlle. Parodi as *Lucretia*, every Mongolian who possessed an opera glass leveled it at the performers, and so watched them during the act, which was a short one, to the evident relief of the Japanese. Next, Buckstone's comedy of the *Rough Diamond* claimed their notice, and in this respect the acting was more pleasing to them than the singing. Many of the strangers conversed together, and seemed somewhat amused at the lady performers, while others smiled when the audience would applaud any "point" made in the course of the piece. All the performers played their best, and received considerable applause; but as nearly every body was watching the effect of the play upon the Japanese, and thus losing the run of the performance, the enthusiasm was not so general as our people are in the habit of showing. The choruses of the *Mænnerchor* and *Young Mænnerchor* were given without any show of appreciation on the part of the Japanese, but the inexhaustible egg-bag of Blitz excited the undivided attention of the strangers. Mlle. Parodi gave the *Star Spangled Banner* in glorious style, assisted by a full chorus of two hundred singers.

This part of the performance was well managed. As the curtain rose, the singers were seen grouped in the rear of Mlle. Parodi, and on one side stood an American sailor with the flag of Japan, while on the other stood a representative of Japan, with the American colors. The magic dance of two nations, by Mr. W. Wood, caused them some amusement. Mr. Wood first appeared as a Japanese, and after dancing a few minutes, suddenly wheeled, and presented the appearance of an American sailor. But the pantomime of *Vol-au-vent* did the business. Here was something they could understand nearly as well as the rest of the audience, and, although many of them endeavored to keep a straight face they gave it up after a few trials, and enjoyed themselves to their heart's content. One old fellow who sat like a statue through the whole afternoon, smiled once at the antics of Mr. Wood; but feeling the impropriety of

such undignified conduct, he held his fan to his face for concealment. They seem to have a quiet sort of enjoyment, for while several seemed convulsed with laughter, no sound of mirth could be heard two feet from them. After the performance, the party drove in open carriages to the hotel, no crowd following. And, by the way, we may state that a wrong impression has gone abroad that the Embassadors were insulted on Saturday. This is all a mistake. Along the route there were of course, some noisy demonstrations, but no word was spoken which, if understood, could have roused their pride.

**MUSIC.**—There is something very wonderful in music. Words are wonderful enough, but music is even more wonderful. It speaks to our thoughts as words do; it speaks straight to our hearts and spirits—to the very core and root of our souls. Music soothes us, stirs us up, it puts noble feelings into us; it melts us to tears, we know not how; it is a language by itself, just as perfect in its way as speech, as words; just as blessed. Music, I say, without words, is wonderful and blessed—one of God's best gifts to man. But in singing, you have both the wonders together—music and word. Singing speaks at once to the head and to the heart, to our understanding and to our feelings; and therefore, perhaps, the most beautiful way in which the reasonable soul of man can show itself (except, of course, doing right, which always is, and always will be, the most beautiful thing) is singing.—*Chas. Kingsley.*

**MUSIC IN THE SOUTH SEAS.**—Our Puritan ancestors used to pay their church rates in beans and cord wood, and the natives of the South Sea Islands now buy their concert tickets with bananas and pine-apples. We copy from the *New York Musical Review* the following poster and prices of admission of the Alleghenians, who are having a fine tour in the South Sea Islands. D. G. Waldron of this city is their business agent.

"By royal command of King Makea V. and the Rarotonga nobility, the Alleghenians will give a grand concert at the School-house this afternoon at four o'clock, January 19th, 1860. Prices of admission: Tickets to admit one, 1 hog, or 2 pigs, or 1 turkey, or 2 chickens, or 25 pine-apples, or 2 bunches bananas, or 5 large pumpkins, or 2 baskets oranges. Children, half price."

The profits also might be a novelty. The writer of a letter says:

In order to get at the amount of the receipts in dollars and cents, I have valued every thing at about New York retail prices:

79 hogs at \$5 each.....	\$395.00
93 turkeys at \$1 each.....	93.00
116 chickens at 38 cents.....	44.08
16,000 cocoa nuts at 12 cents each.....	1820.00
5,700 pine apples at 12 cents each.....	684.00
418 bunches bananas, averaging 75 to the bunch, making 31,350 bananas at 6 cents each.....	1881.00
600 pumpkins at 15 cents each.....	90.00
2,700 oranges at 2 cents each.....	54.00
limes, mats, fans, etc., about.....	25.00

Total, .....\$5,086.00

## Musical Correspondence.

**CINCINNATI, JUNE 25.**—We have been once more convinced of the beneficial influence that may be exerted by a person, animated by sincere love of Art, since Miss FANNY RAYMOND became an associate in the musical department of the Ohio Female College. We have attended several soirées and concerts at the College; and could not avoid remarking, with satisfaction and pleasure, the good effect produced by the efforts of this artist, already known by our readers through her charming poems and musical translations, and to whom the cultivation of the highest in music is a necessity of life.

How much courage and determination is required, to oppose successfully the Humbug that reigns supreme in most of our institutions, fostered by the double dealing of ignorant teachers.

Is it not a remarkable fact, that precisely where its good may be promoted in the most influential manner, the art of music is most degraded? Is not the task of awakening, in young and pliant minds, a love for the fair and noble in art, a glorious one?

But for this task, integrity, and a heart sensitively alive to the beautiful and true is required, to say nothing of the necessary knowledge.

"People are satisfied with things as they are," is reiterated again and again. And why? Because people know not better. Because the merchants and farmers who send their daughters to these institutions know nothing save that which is brought before them in such places: yet we have invariably found, that good music, even tolerably well performed, pleases a larger majority than bad music brought out in a similar manner. But supposing people will have "things as they are," it is no less the duty of those who are convinced that "things" are not as they should be, to strive boldly to obviate the evil, and, if patience and good-will are not wanting, success is sure to follow.

Miss Raymond, a cultivated vocalist, skilful pianist and well versed in the theory of music, saw, on her entrance into the Ohio Female College, where the breakers lay, and steered courageously towards the work of reform. Knowing that mere lesson giving is not sufficient to ensure a pupil's progress, Miss Raymond gained the assistance of some of our best artists, and thus, by means of musical evenings, considerably extended the horizon of her scholars.

The influence of such a spirit was perhaps most fully displayed in the music that illustrated the recent Commencement Exercises at the Ohio Female College, and which partly suggested the above remarks. To be sure, we had no overtures or fifty pianos; no Flower-queens. "Coronations of the Rose," or any of those displays, whose awkward attempts at attitudinizing, inappropriate fancy dresses, and bashful hints at scenery, are so admirably calculated to draw off the attention of pupils and audience from the wishy-washy music that usually accompanies them; neither had we any of — and Co.'s Music murdered for the Million, — but we had choruses and trios by Curschman, Donizetti, Bennett, songs by Haydn and Bishop, the piano compositions of Thalberg, Gottschalk, &c. What was the consequence? An artistic and harmonious effect about the whole affair; general and pleasant satisfaction; and favorable comparisons between past and present years.

TEMPO.

**SPRINGFIELD, MASS., JULY 4th.**—In a recent number of your valuable issue, there appeared a very interesting tale of the invention of the Harmonica. *Apropos*, a highly accomplished and enthusiastic German pianist, C. E. Hering, of Saxe Gotha, visited us last Monday, and gave an evening performance, which drew a highly respectable audience, of course, not such who generally attend "Negro Minstrelsy exhibitions. The novelty and great feature of the evening was his performance on an instrument named the "Palmelodicon" said to be similar to that invented by Franklin, improved by Weber (not Carl Maria), and perfected by the concert-giver.

I will not attempt a description of this instrument, since Mr. Hering proposes to visit your city, where without doubt the lovers of music will patronize him. I heard him play on it (simply by friction with the tip of the fingers) a "song without words," and an impromptu of his own, *The last Rose of Summer*, and some other pieces. The different shades and gradations of tone emitted were perfect. Now it would resemble the flute, and again the soft diapason of the organ, swelling and dying away—now a sort of reedy tone, and soon after, strains very much like those of the violin: sostenuto passages with left hand accompaniment, perfect trillos, unisons, and chromatic progressions—these are all executed with taste, intensity of feeling, and an artistic finish, that equally produce wonder and delight. We have not had such a treat for a long time—indeed since the Draytons left here three weeks ago, nothing in the shape of good music has been given. In private, I learn



that the pianist Casseres and a few distinguished amateurs are engaged in rehearsing operatic works, &c. The appreciation of good pianoforte music is at a very low ebb here, for instance Hering played Listz's Transcription of Schubert's Ave Maria in a very creditable manner. They could not appreciate this, although the *motive* was well delivered, and the variations neatly performed. A few German operatives present showed their delight however, while the would-be *elite* stared and wondered "why those men make so much noise about nothing."

*Revenons a nos moutons.* The *Palmelodicon* is played on by very few persons, but I learn from good authority that only four persons have achieved any thing like success, Miss Davies, Herren Weber and Hierling and the present Herr Hering who is a gentleman and a thorough musician.

Yours, &amp;c.,

A SUBSCRIBER.

## Wright's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JULY 7, 1860.

### L'Annee Musicale.

Ou Revue Annuelle des Théâtres lyriques et des Concerts, des publications littéraires relatives à la musique et des événements remarquables appartenant à l'histoire de l'art musical, par P. Scudo. Première Année. Paris 1860.

M. Scudo in this book, the first volume of a projected series, has undertaken, after the manner of similar publications of a historical and scientific nature, to collect together the most notable events of the year in the musical world, in a convenient and permanent chronicle, which affords a good deal of pleasant reading to the musical amateur; as it is done in the graceful pleasant style peculiar to Scudo and cannot fail to be an interesting work to all concerned in any way with the matters of which it treats.

M. Scudo says in his preface, that "books treating especially of the musical art are very rare in France. This branch of literature so rich in England, Germany, and even in Italy, especially in the last century, has produced among us, with some rare exceptions, only works of no worth and not even of any great utility. A few didactic books, biographies filled with anecdotes, more *piquante* than instructive, interminable discussions on the theatre and dramatic music, on the preponderance of one school over another, of French opera over Italian; this is what in France makes up the literature of a profound and charming art, of the only universal language of the world. In an age like ours which looks for precision, desires to be well informed about everything, and demands to be speedily advised of everything interesting, there is not in Paris a single daily, weekly or monthly publication in which even the external facts relating to the musical art are arranged or treated in an intelligent and sufficiently impartial manner. You must go to public libraries, and turn over large volumes of general statistics, if you would ascertain the precise date of a [performance that has electrified all Paris."

To fill this void M. Scudo has commenced this publication, which contains critiques of the works, that have been represented in the lyric theatres of Paris, notices of the artists and *virtuosi* who have attracted public attention, of important publications that deserve discussion and short accounts of singers, composers and writers on music who have deceased during the year.

And as all the civilized world is now so closely linked together, that the rest of it cannot be ignored, M. Scudo, never losing sight of the fact that Paris is the "hub of the universe" of Art, looks abroad at London, Naples, and even to far St. Petersburg, for material for his art-chronicle of the past year.

The result of his labors is a very readable book, which is especially interesting to us, from its notices here and there, of artists who have been among us, and now familiar to us and honored among us, even before possessing the prestige of an European reputation, such as the veteran Badiali.

We shall draw occasionally from the pages of this volume, for which we are indebted to Mr. Leyboldt, the agent of the publishers in Philadelphia.

### The Diarist Abroad.

BEETHOVEN AND PAER.

An old story is again on the tapis, this time with the honored name of Ferdinand Hiller, as authority, who heard it related by Paer himself. The substance of it is, that at a representation of Paer's "Leonore," Beethoven said to the composer in words to this effect, "The subject is so good I must compose it myself."

This might very well have been true of Paer's "Achilles," brought out at Vienna in 1801, but cannot possibly be true of the "Leonore." Paer must, in the course of years, have confounded the two in his memory.

Here are those stubborn things, the dates.

Paer called to Dresden as kapellmeister, 1803; produced his "Leonore" at Dresden, Oct. 3, 1804; Beethoven's "Fidelio" produced in Vienna, 1805; First performance of Paer's "Leonore" in Vienna, Feb. 8, 1809.

In answer to my request for some information as to his compositions, Richard Wüerst, of Berlin, gave me the following list:

- Op. 4. 2 Romances for violin and pianoforte.
- " 5. Trio for pianoforte, violin and violoncello
- " 7. 3 terzette; 2 soprano and alto with piano forte.
- " 11. Songs with pianoforte.
- " 12. 2 Romances for pianoforte and violin.
- " 13. 2 " " " " "
- " 14. 3 Characteristic Pieces for pianoforte and violin.
- " 15. 4 Duets, soprano and alto with pianoforte.
- " 16. Song with pianoforte.
- " 17. 4 songs for soprano, alto, tenor, and bass.
- " 18. 6 songs with pianoforte.
- " 19. Duo. Pianoforte and violoncello.
- " 20. Songs with pianoforte.
- " 21. Prize symphony for orchestra in F major.
- " 22. Terzett; Soprano, alto, tenor, with pianoforte.
- " 23. 4 Two-part songs with pianoforte.
- " 24. 28th Psalm, for three-part female chorus, with solos and pianoforte.
- " 25. 2 Romances, pianoforte and violin.
- " 26. 3 Quartets for men's voices.
- " 27. Sacred piece for 4 part chorus with solos and pianoforte.
- " 28. Aria di concerto per voce di contralto o mezzo-soprano, for orchestra, also pianoforte arrangement.
- " 29. 3 Songs for a low voice, with pianoforte.
- " 30. "Der Wassernick," a lyric cantate, solos, chorus, and orchestra, also pianoforte arrangement.
- " 31. 5 Songs for soprano, alto, tenor and bass.
- " 32. 2 Two-part songs with pianoforte.
- " 33. 3 String quartets.

The above are published. Besides these Wüerst has composed many works still in manuscript; among them a symphony and violin concerto, several times performed, and an opera, not yet known.

A. W. T.

### Musical Chit-Chat.

MARTHA S. P. STORY, the little three year old pianist, of whom our readers have seen some notice in our columns, has given the only concerts of the week. We do not know that she is another Mozart in her musical precocity, but have seen her, and heard her play in a manner that is certainly wonderful for a child of her age. A little fair-haired, blue-eyed child, three years old in November last, she stands at the piano with her chin on a level with the keys, and childlike plays on it if she is disposed, or at her good pleasure, crawls under it, and plays about the room. She performs a large number of tunes in correct time and harmony, never looking at her hands, but always around the room; sometimes going through her tune to the end, and sometimes jumbling it all together, as a little child repeats poetry. Her music is mostly simple psalm tunes and negro melodies, or Sunday school songs, such as take hold of a little child's ear, and her talent for rendering them so correctly is certainly quite remarkable, as is also her memory for retaining them. The person who exhibits her does it with discretion and good judgment, never in the least forcing her inclination. When she is tired she gets down from the stool and amuses herself and the audience in some other way till she is in humor to play again. She is well worth seeing, and children especially will be pleased with her pretty songs and her performance. The object of these public exhibitions of her talent is to obtain funds for her education.

ROTTERDAM.—Carl Formes has accepted an engagement here.

PESTH.—Director Salvi with his company will begin a series of Italian opera performances here, July 21st.

MILAN.—At the *Canobbiana* Theatre, Manzani's celebrated ode to Napoleon I., "The fifth of May," is about to be brought out melodramatically, with soli and choruses; the music by one Herr Mazurezza.

RICHMOND.—The *Inquirer* of June 30, speaks as follows of our former townsman, N. D. Clapp, and of his success as a teacher:

"The highly interesting exercises of "commencement week," at the Richmond Female Institute, were crowned on Wednesday by a brilliant musical soirée. The programme itself in the variety and choice of its selections from German, French, Italian and American music, evinced the catholic spirit and severe taste which preside over the musical department of this Institute. Prof. Clapp, the Principal of the department, (also well known as the excellent Organist of the First Presbyterian Church,) availing himself of his experience in other prominent institutions at the South, and of his unusual opportunities for familiarity with the best European methods and culture, has succeeded in raising the standard of musical education in conformity to the demands of an ever-improving public taste. It would have gratified the audience had he favored them with a touch of his own quality as an artist, but he evidently preferred to exhibit the proficiency of the pupils rather than that of their instructors.

It is not too much to say, that his pupils amply redeemed the promise of the programme. All the vocal pieces gave proof of careful training and patient study; and in several were displayed a facility of execution and powers of vocalization which would have elicited applause if they had been sung equally well by professional voices. The instrumental solos, duos, and concerted pieces, were played with a graceful ease, which suggested reserved power no less than assiduous practice. The choruses from different operas were rendered in a style at once spirited and correct. It was obvious that the performers might have delighted even a wider public than their relatives and friends who crowded the beautifully decorated hall of the Institute.

PARIS, MAY 31.—The last news respecting the Opera House is that the new building will be built upon the site occupied by the present house, and a square made in front of it and between it and the Boulevard. This will give the Boulevard, what it very much wants, a handsome garden, under whose trees loiterers may saunter the hottest hours away. The Passage des Panoramas and the adjacent houses



must be pulled down before this can happen. All the houses on the Place Dauphine, or to speak properly, all the houses west of the Prefecture of Police are to be razed, the landlords indemnified, and the land sold, in order to have this portion of Paris as splendid as possible; no house will be allowed to be built until after the Government approves the plan. All the buildings north of the French Comedy have been pulled down.

The Opera in New Orleans is over. The *Picayune*, June 1, says:

"Jerusalem" was substituted, Wednesday night, for the "Trovatore," on the occasion of the joint benefit of M<sup>me</sup>. Dalmont and M. Cabel.

M<sup>me</sup>. Pauline Colson took her leave of us last evening, appearing in her great character, *Uriel*, the demon, in "Les Amours du Diable." M<sup>me</sup>. Colson having performed here fifteen nights, according to the contract of Mr. Boudousquié with Messrs. Strakosch and Ullman, leaves, to-day, for New York, and resumes her position as one of the Academy troupe, her engagement with the managers extending to May, 1861. That over, we understand, it is her purpose to return to her native France.

This evening, that powerful and popular tenor, Philippe, will take a benefit, at the Opera House, filling his favorite rôle of the Jew in "The Jewess." A bumper, at parting, for Philippe! We are glad to find the report that he returns, next season, is confirmed.

The same journal, June 3, suggests:

What an admirable arrangement it would be for Mr. Boudousquié and Strakosch to make a full and complete interchange of companies, dividing our six months' operatic season into two equal parts; and giving us French opera from November till February, and Italian the other three months. Undoubtedly this would pay both parties to the arrangement handsomely. The two Parodi weeks we had here this season sufficiently demonstrated the popularity of Italian opera in New Orleans, and if it was so successful under such circumstances, what would it be if given by a full, well appointed, first rate opera troupe, at our beautiful Opera House! The New Yorkers, Bostonians and Philadelphians have no idea of French opera, and would hail with delight its production at their Academies of Music. Is not this point worth considering, Messieurs Impresarii?

## Music Abroad.

### Paris.

The management of the Théâtre Lyrique has done a useful and a graceful thing in bringing out Hérold's first operatic work, *Les Rosières*, an opera comique in three acts, produced at the Salle Feydeau in 1817. On its first production, this work achieved a decided success, and at once informed the world that a composer of the highest promise was born to France. It kept the stage until 1826, when *Marie*, a much riper and more masterly work, threw it into the shade, whence it has never been rescued until now. *Les Rosières*, though much inferior to the composer's subsequent productions, exhibits in a considerable measure the fundamental characteristics of Hérold's style. It lacks the rich and brilliant instrumentation, and the startling modulations for which he was afterwards distinguished; but the grace and facility of his melodic inspirations, the elegance, piquancy, and neatness of his style are already clearly discernible. The libretto of this work, although old-fashioned is still amusing; and the plot has a merit also somewhat out of date—clearness and simplicity. The principal female part, Florette, is played by Mlle. Girard, whose easy, correct, and brilliant execution, keen intelligence and agreeable organ, allied to graceful and spirited acting, place her among the first lyrical artists of the French stage. The other prominent characters are filled by Mlle. Faivre, and MM. Fromant, Kiequier Delaunay, and Gabriel. A little one-act opera, entitled *Les Valets de Gascoigne*, has been produced for the first time at this establishment with sufficient success. The composer is M. Dufresne. Mlle. Faivre, M. Girardot, M. Wartel, and M. Potel, are engaged in it.

M. Henry Waille, the well-known clarionetist, one of the many distinguished artists whom poor Julien introduced to fortune and to fame, has made his debut in Paris at the concerts Musard, and has won from the public as well as from the critics, the amplest acknowledgment of his uncommon talents.

At the Opéra Comique, the bills still alternate with *L'Etoile du Nord*, *Le Roman d'Elvire* and *Rita*, and *Château Trompette* with *l'Habit de Mylord*. A new opera, by M. Paul Dupuch, *Gertrude*, is in rehearsal,

and will take its turn after *Le Petit Chaperon Rouge*, which is very soon to appear. The following artists will be engaged in this once most popular of Boieldieu's works—Rodolphe, M. Crosti; Roger, M. Warot; the Bailli, Lemaire; the Hermit, Barrielle; Rose d'Amour, Mlle. Marimon; Annette, Belia.

Before closing for the season the Théâtre Lyrique will produce a new operetta, the title of which has been changed since the first announcement from *Le Mariage aux Epées* to *Maitre Palma*. The music is by Mlle. Rivay, her first essay, and the book by Mad. Furpille and Gille. It is also expected that *La Madone*, by Lacombe will shortly be forthcoming. The manager has just engaged Mad. Wekerlin Damoreau for next season.

The tenor Fraschini has just signed an engagement with the manager of the Orienta, at Madrid, for the ensuing season; and it is reported that Mad. Borghini-Mamo has contracted to appear at the Scala, in Milan, during the carnival season next year.

Roger has just returned from his provincial tour. He appeared last at Bordeaux, where he brought the season to a brilliant close. He is to proceed to Baden in August, where he is engaged, together with Mad. Miolan-Carvalho, to appear in a new opera, by Gounod.

### London.

NEW PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.—The fifth performance on Monday brought the series to a termination. The programme included the overtures to *L' Clemenza di Tito* and *Preciosa*, Beethoven's symphony in D, No. 2, Mendelssohn's concerto in D minor, and Spohr's dramatic concerto for violin and orchestra. In consequence of both Italian operas giving extra nights, Dr. Wylde was deprived of some of his regular "hands," and forced to look for recruits in all directions. Fortunately, good players in London are not scarce. To the execution of Beethoven's symphony, we have scarcely anything to award but praise, and the liberal applause which followed each movement proved that the audience was thoroughly satisfied. Herr Becker played the dramatic concerto—so great a favorite with Ernst, and introduced by that distinguished violinist on the occasion of his first performance in this country—in masterly style, and the applause at the end was uproarious. The grand concerto of Mendelssohn also was a triumph for Mr. John Barnett, who created a marked sensation. The last movement more particularly displayed the young pianist's execution and taste to equal advantage. The voice music was allotted to Miss Louisa Pyne, Mad. Lemmens Sherrington, and Herr Hermanns, the new German bass, who made so great a hit the week previously at the Monday Popular Concerts. Herr Hermanns introduced "Falstaff's song," from Otto Nicolai's *Merry wives of Windsor*, with the same success as before. He is an unquestionable acquisition to the concert-room. Miss Louisa Pyne sang a grand scena from Spohr's *Jessonda*, "Batti, batti," and a romance from Mr. Wallace's *Lurline*. The expressive manner in which she gave the air from *Don Giovanni* received the liveliest sympathy and won a hearty encore. Mad. Lemmens Sherrington gave an air from Weber's *Euryanthe* to perfection, but the audience were more pleased with Adolph Adams' "Ah! vous dirai-je mamma," which was redemanded. The hall was crowded in every part. Dr. Wylde may congratulate himself that the season has been one of the most successful in the annals of the New Philharmonic Society.

MUSICAL SOCIETY OF LONDON.—The fifth and last concert of the season was no less interesting than its predecessors, as will be seen by the subjoined programme:—

Overture, "Leonora".....	Beethoven.
Aria "Ach nur einmal noch in leben".....	Mozart.
Fifth Concerto, violin.....	Molique.
Recit. "E mi lasci così".....	Spohr.
Aria "Tu m'abandonni".....	.....
Overture "Les deux Journées".....	Cherubini.
Symphony in A minor (Op. 56).....	Mendelssohn.
Recit. "Di ostili tende".....	Costa.
Aria "Dall'asilo della pace".....	.....
Recit. "Kraft meines heiligen Amtes".....	Bellini.
Aria "Wenn Romeo den Sohn erschlagen".....	.....
Overture, "Der Freyschütz".....	Weber.

THE LONDON GLEE AND MADRIGAL SOCIETY last week gave their hundredth performance with unabated vigor and success, and their present season will terminate positively this day. Their repertoire has consisted of above a hundred different pieces—glees, madrigals, catches, and old ballads—the most favorite of which have been included in the programmes of the recent performances. We looked forward with pleasure to the resumption of this society's pleasant entertainments next season, and hope to find Mr. Oliphant, whose literary illustrations have added so much to the success of the performances, provided with a fresh budget of information.

## Special Notices.

### DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC.

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

I remember the spot where I was born.

C. Zeuner. 25

Jessie, or, On a bright morning in May.

J. H. McNaughton. 25

Both very charming songs, which will make many friends.

Not a minute to spare. Sacred song.

R. Topliff. 25

A valuable addition to the many taking sacred songs which this author has given to the Home circle for Sabbath Music, and among which at least one, "Ruth and Naomi" is familiar to every one.

The Ladies' opportunity. Comic Song.

C. Minasi. 25

Easy, pretty, and unobjectionable.

O that I had wings like a dove. Solo and Quartet.

P. T. Barker. 25

A piece well calculated for the opening of religious worship. Strongly recommended to Quartet Choirs, will please all.

O do not weep because the leaves must fade.

Macfarren. 25

A pleasing parlor-song.

### Instrumental Music.

Ancella Polka. Hermann S. Saroni. 25

Merry Chimes Polka. " 25

Good, spirited Polkas, easy enough to be read at sight by ordinary players.

Fly not yet, and The brown Irish Girl. Transcribed.

Brintley Richards. 40.

In Richards' elegant style, which, in this peculiarly, is unsurpassed by any contemporaneous writer.

Andante from Beethoven's Fifth Symphony, arranged by

Hummel. 50

This has long been the favorite movement in this most generally admired Symphony of the great master and has never before been sold separately. The arrangement is considered the best. It is of moderate difficulty only.

The Fairies' Fete. J. L. Ensign. 35

From the original Cantata, "The Culprit Fay." It is a charming piece of instrumental music.

Rippling Wave Mazurka. E. G. Knowlton. 25

Columbiana Waltz. C. H. Loehr. 25

U. V. M. (University of Vermont) Waltz.

J. B. Holmberg. 25

New and nice dance-music for the parlor or social ball-room.

### Books.

THE OPERA OF NORMA. By Bellini. Piano Solo. 2,60

This is the fourteenth volume of Ditson & Co.'s Edition of Standard Operas and in mechanical execution is fully equal to its predecessors. The type employed is smaller than the usual music type, yet its beautiful, clear and distinct cut renders it easily read. Another advantage is that with this type a larger amount of matter is placed upon a page, by which frequent leaf turning is avoided. The extremely low price at which they are afforded enables all who desire to do so, to possess a complete operatic library.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being about one cent on each piece. Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at the rate of one cent per ounce. This applies to any distance under three thousand miles; beyond that it is double.

